

JOHN BOLTON



Halls of Horror

No. 1

\$1.75

\$2.25 in Canada



The PENUMBRA

ECLIPSE COMICS • P. O. BOX 199 • GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446

ON THE RACKS



ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 1: Great art! Great stories! Great Science Fiction! With a fabulous cover painting by Joe Chiodo, this is the replacement for Alien Worlds. A must!

AZTEC ACE 14

Assassination attempts in ancient Rome, Dark Boys stashed amongst the Corinthian columns, Puer Artemis in slave chains, and Cleopatra peels a grape!



CROSSFIRE 12 Dave Stevens joins the team with an incredible cover featuring "The 24th Annual Death of Marilyn Monroe." A mystery you'll never forget.

JOHN BOLTON'S "Halls of Horror" 2 The second part of this Micro-Series by one of comics' most popular illustrators. A feast for horror and art fans.



DN Agents 23 "The Detonator" introduces a new villain with a novel approach to problems: whatever it is, he blows it up! Plus, a tale of Sham's past called "Baby Face."

AXA IN COLOR

In her first color graphic novel, Axa wields her sword to find a better world in the future. Romero's paintings throughout.



THE MASKED MAN 4 "The Letter" is another winner from B.C. Boyer. The Masked Man's growing fame brings him a fan letter from a mysterious woman... and Maggie Brown is jealous!

THE FIESTA CAFE

I've always wanted to live in a diner. Not a fast food joint, mind you, but a regular old-fashioned diner, with a neon sign out front and a row of chrome-footed stools along the counter. The kind of place with dark green vinyl booths and a Seeburg jukebox, and checkered linoleum tile floors. The kind of place where a middle-aged waitress named Lucille calls out your order for a grilled cheese sandwich to a middle-aged cook named Joe and nobody asks if Lucille and Joe are married to each other 'cause it doesn't matter much after all these years.

I have always wanted to live in a diner for a number of reasons. I like the way people ask what kinds of pies they have today in a diner, for instance, and I like the way old men say hello to other old men in a diner. I don't like to cook, and if I lived in a diner, I could ask for lots of tomato juice and I wouldn't even mind paying for it by the glass.

There would be a coin operated "Ask Swami" machine (the kind that doubles as a menu holder) and I could get my fortune read for a penny if I lived in a diner. I could always have blue cheese dressing on my salad if I lived in a diner. And at dusk, when they turned the neon sign on, I could watch it flash and glow

FIESTA CAFE

GOOD FOOD if I lived in a diner.

It's dusk right now as I write this, and we are in our new offices, in the old train station overlooking Main Street in Guerneville, California. I'm not in a diner but I think I am, because today we put in our very own neon sign. It hangs in the window above me and to the right. It glows redly, in cursive script:

COMICS

This is a kind of heaven to me, to have a neon sign. No, we didn't "need" it — this isn't a retail store and we don't try to attract passersby to see us work. I dunno. We just

wanted it, that's all. And tomorrow we'll be picking up our second neon sign, the one that has our logo on it in red and yellow and green. And after that, John Wilcox, a colourist who lives in Connecticut, will send me one of his famous cheesecakes by Federal Express (he promised to!) and Dean will make some coffee and Sean will find some plates and forks in the back room and maybe Tom Yeates will drop by on his way from Jenner to Santa Rosa... and for one moment we will be here, in a diner that doesn't exist outside my mind, forever.

catherine yronwode

IN YOUR HANDS

This is the first part of a two-issue Micro-Series featuring the art of John Bolton. None of these macabre stories has ever before appeared in colour or in the U.S.A. Most of them were originally printed in a b&w edition limited to 1,000 copies. The concluding issue will go on sale just two weeks after this one, so look for it soon!

PROLOGUE



**R. CHETWYND-HAYES
HORROR
PAPERBACKS
ON SALE HERE**



Edited & adapted by **DEZ SKINN**

Cover & illustrations by **JOHN BOLTON**

Colours: **TIM SMITH**

51 NIGHT-TIME IN THE CITY. A TIME WHEN MOST WOULD BE EATING... DRINKING. BUT NOT ERAMUS, A CREATURE OF THE DARKENED STREETS, WHO WAS...



...famished...

...haven't...
had sup...
for two
weeks.

W-WELL, I'LL
BE GLAD TO
GIVE YOU SOME
MONEY FOR
FOOD...



...no. Can't keep
food down...
never could...



WELL, I'LL DO
ANYTHING I
CAN TO HELP
YOU...

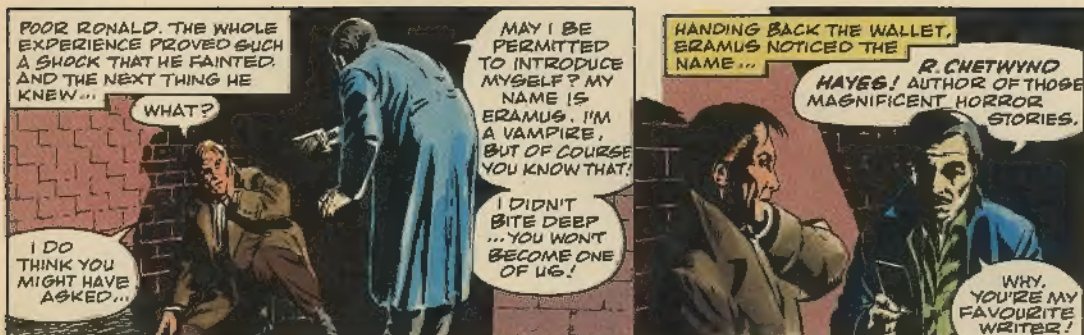
THE WRETCHED
CREATURE'S EYES
LIT UP AND HE
SEEMED TO GAIN
STRENGTH...

ANYTHING?
OH, THANK
YOU!!



ERK!





POOR RONALD. THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE PROVED SUCH A SHOCK THAT HE FAINTED. AND THE NEXT THING HE KNEW...

WHAT?

I DO THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE ASKED...

MAY I BE PERMITTED TO INTRODUCE MYSELF? MY NAME IS ERAMUS. I'M A VAMPIRE, BUT OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT!

I DIDN'T BITE DEEP... YOU WON'T BECOME ONE OF US!

HANDING BACK THE WALLET, ERAMUS NOTICED THE

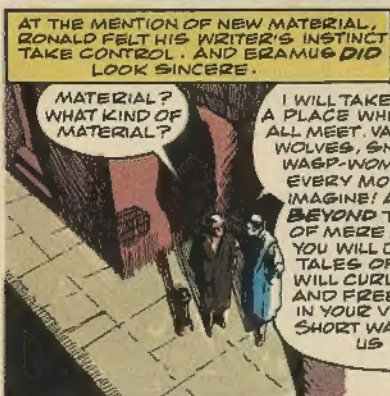
R. CHETWYND HAYES! AUTHOR OF THOSE MAGNIFICENT HORROR STORIES.

WHY, YOU'RE MY FAVOURITE WRITER!



YOU MUST LET ME REPAY YOU! I CAN SHOW YOU MATERIAL FOR YOUR NEXT BOOK - THE REAL THING! NO NEED TO WORRY, YOU'LL BE QUITE SAFE...

YOU HAVE MY WORD... THE WORD OF A VAMPIRE!



AT THE MENTION OF NEW MATERIAL, RONALD FELT HIS WRITER'S INSTINCT TAKE CONTROL. AND ERAMUS DID LOOK SINCERE.

MATERIAL? WHAT KIND OF MATERIAL?

I WILL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE MY FRIENDS ALL MEET. VAMPIRES, WERE-WOLVES, SNAKE-MEN, WASP-WOMEN, GHOULS -- EVERY MONSTER YOU CAN IMAGINE! AND SOME FAR BEYOND THE IMAGINING OF MERE MORTALS! THERE YOU WILL DISCOVER SUCH TALES OF HORROR THAT WILL CURL YOUR TOES AND FREEZE YOUR BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS! JUST A SHORT WALK WILL TAKE US TO...



SURELY THIS IS A TOURIST ATTRACTION. IT'S VERY AMUSING, BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY...

I'LL HAVE THE USUAL, MY FRIEND IS PAYING.

I'M AFRAID GROUP B IS OFF, SIR. IF I COULD SUGGEST THE O, AND A TOMATO JUICE WOULD MAKE YOUR "FRIEND" LOOK LESS CONSPICUOUS!

AND, AS THE DRINKS ARRIVED...

THIS IS QUITE PLEASANT,
BUT DOES NOT SUSTAIN US.
GETTING THE REAL THING
BECOMES CONSTANTLY
MORE DIFFICULT ---

PEOPLE ARE
SO EDUCATED THESE
DAYS, THROUGH T.V.
AND HORROR FILMS.

EVERYBODY
KNOWS ABOUT
GARLIC AND STAKES
THROUGH THE HEART.
IT TAKES ALL THE
COURAGE A VAMPIRE
POSSESSES JUST TO
WALK THE STREETS!

NERVOUSLY, RONALD GLANCED ROUND ALMOST
OBLIVIOUS TO ERAMUS'S MUSING. THEN HE
SPOTTED...

THAT CHART.
WHAT IS
IT?

OH, THAT'S
A MONSTER
GENEALOGICAL
CHART.

ERAMUS SHOWED AND NAMED
MANY STRANGE NEW MONSTERS
... AND EXPLAINED WHAT THEY
DID...

SHADMOCK

IT'S QUITE
SIMPLE, REALLY.
ALL YOU HAVE TO
REMEMBER ARE
THE BASIC RULES
OF
MONSTERDOM.

DISCREETLY, ERAMUS
EXPLAINED, NOT WANTING
TO DRAW ATTENTION TO
HIS COMPANION'S
IGNORANCE...

VAMPIRES SUP,
WEREWOLVES HUNT,
GHOULS TBAR, SHADDIES
LICK, MADDIES YAWN,
MOCKS BLOW, BUT
SHADMOCKS ONLY
WHISTLE.

WHISTLE? THAT
DOESN'T SOUND
TOO
TERRIFYING!

OH, BUT IT
IS! I HEARD
OF A MAN ONCE
WHO HAD SEEN
THE RESULTS OF
A SHADMOCK'S
WHISTLE...

ONLY THE
RESULTS...

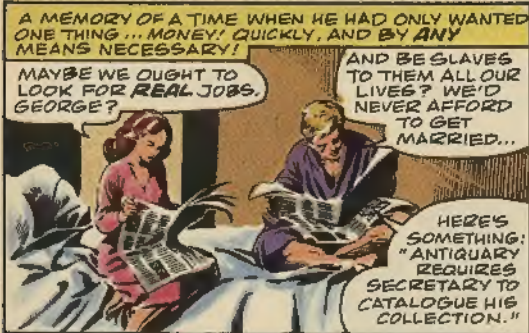
AND
YET...



BEHOLD A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS WITNESSED TERROR! FOR SIX MONTHS HIS BRAIN TRIED TO CONTROL THAT WHICH HIS MEMORY COULD NOT ERASE. HIS LONG CATALEPTIC TRANCES BEING SPLIT WITH PERIODS OF UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE.



AND BEHIND HIS EYES WHICH EXPRESSED VACANT TERROR, A SECRET... AND A MEMORY...



A MEMORY OF A TIME WHEN HE HAD ONLY WANTED ONE THING... MONEY! QUICKLY, AND BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY!

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LOOK FOR REAL JOBS, GEORGE?

AND BE SLAVES TO THEM ALL OUR LIVES? WE'D NEVER AFFORD TO GET MARRIED...

HERE'S SOMETHING: "ANTIQUARY REQUIRES SECRETARY TO CATALOGUE HIS COLLECTION."



SOME OF THESE OLD FOOLS HAVE STUFF WORTH THOUSANDS. GOLD--MELTED DOWN--UNTRACEABLE!

HE'S OFFERING ENOUGH MONEY... HMM... AND HIS PLACE IS CALLED...



"...ALBERIC HOUSE..."



MR. RAVEN? I'M ANGELA JONES. I WROTE TO YOU ABOUT THE ADVERTISEMENT.

OH, YES. OF COURSE. PLEASE DO COME IN.



SO MANY VALUABLE THINGS...

YES. AND THEY ALL HAVE TO BE CATALOGUED. SO THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF WORK TO DO.

AND, AS ANGELA IS LED INTO THE STUDY...



BEFORE WE BEGIN, THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU... SOME PEOPLE FIND ME DIFFICULT-- IMPOSSIBLE TO WORK FOR.

I'M A VERY EASY TASKMASTER. BUT, IT'S JUST THAT... THAT...

GASP!
|--|--



I'M SORRY. I DON'T THINK I COULD POSSIBLY-- I-- I'M SORRY.



RAVEN HAD GROWN USED TO THIS KIND OF REACTION, YET IT STILL HURT HIM. BUT THIS TIME...



... DEEPLY.

BUT GEORGE'S GREED WAS A POWERFUL FORCE...

I CAN'T DO IT. HE WANTED ME FOR THE JOB, AND THE HOUSE IS FULL OF GOOD STUFF... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING... TERRIFYING ABOUT HIM!

YOU SAY IT'S FULL OF GOOD STUFF?

...AND SO ANGELA RETURNED TO ALBERIC HOUSE, MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF THE MYSTERIOUS MR. RAVEN.

YOU-- YOU CAME BACK.

ANGELA WAS QUICKLY USHERED INTO RAVEN'S STUDY... THERE SEEMED A STRANGE DESPERATE HOPE IN HIS VOICE...

I USED TO WEAR A MASK. BUT IT'S MUCH BETTER FOR PEOPLE TO GET OVER THE SHOCK AT THE BEGINNING...

THEN THEY MIGHT EVEN GROW ACCUSTOMED...

NEXT MORNING, ANGELA FOUND HER NEW EMPLOYER IN THE GARDENS...

GOOD MORNING. OH, I DIDN'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN THE BIRDS.

THEY ARE MY ONLY FRIENDS. BUT SOON THEY WILL GET TO KNOW YOU, ACCEPT YOU AS A FRIEND, TOO.

AT RAVEN'S DEEP, FASCINATED STARE, ANGELA BEGAN TO TREMBLE, FEELING A STRANGE MIXTURE OF FASCINATION AND FEAR...

I-I MUST GET TO WORK

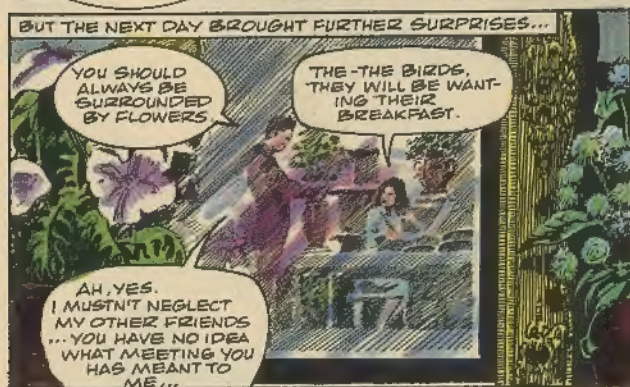
ALL THIS DUST. WHY NOT GET SOMEONE TO CLEAN UP THIS PLACE?

I CAN'T ASK PEOPLE TO COME HERE... YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HARD IT WAS FOR ME TO ADVERTISE FOR YOU. I MUST NEVER GO NEAR PEOPLE, OR LEAVE THE GROUNDS.

AREN'T YOU EVER LONELY?

IF ONLY YOU KNEW THE AGONY OF MY LONELINESS...

AND HE LOOKED AT HER WITH A DESPERATE MUTE APPEAL IN HIS EYES...



THE DEATH-LIKE SILENCE OF ALBERIC HOUSE WAS BROKEN ONLY BY THE BRISK TAPPING OF TYPEWRITER KEYS UNTIL A SUDDEN HIGH-PITCHED, BARSHATTERING SOUND ECHOED AROUND THE HOUSE...



THE BLOOD IN ANGELA'S VEINS ALMOST FROZE WHEN SHE RAN INTO THE HALL AND SAW RAVEN.



WONDERING WHAT HAD SHOCKED RAVEN SO, ANGELA SPED INTO THE GARDEN, WHERE SHE FOUND...



OH, NO! THE CAT! BUT HOW... HOW?

DESPITE HER TERROR, ANGELA DID NOT RETURN EMPTY-HANDED THAT NIGHT...

THIS SORT OF STUFF WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO FENCE, IT'S TOO SPECIALISED AND WE'D NEED TONS OF IT FOR THE MELTDOWN VALUE TO BE WORTHWHILE

BUT I BET HE'S GOT A HANDY LITTLE WALL-SAFE STUFFED WITH CASH SO HE CAN BUY THESE THINGS...



ANGELA GROANED QUIETLY... KNOWING IT WAS NO USE ARGUING.

THE FOLLOWING EVENING, INSTEAD OF LEAVING PROMPTLY, ANGELA STAYED TO SEARCH ALBERIC HOUSE BUT AS SHE CREEPT STEALTHILY INTO THE HALL...

RAVEN! AND HE'S GOT COMPANY... JUST MY LUCK...



AND AS RAVEN'S GUEST STEPPED INTO THE LIGHT



TURNING THE LIGHTS ON AT THE SUDDEN SCREAM RAVEN RUSHED OVER TO ANGELA.

I THOUGHT YOU'D ALREADY GONE HOME.

BUT DON'T WORRY, THAT'S ONLY MY GREAT UNCLE UZIAH. I'M AFRAID HE DOES LOOK A LITTLE STRANGE ... TO AN OUTSIDER

HE'D NEVER HURT YOU! I'VE MADE ALL MY RELATIVES PROMISE THAT THEY'D NEVER HURT YOU!

HE'S VERY NICE REALLY ... DO YOU WANT TO MEET HIM?

STILL TERRIFIED BY THE MEMORY OF THE HORRIBLE FACE, ANGELA COULD BARELY SHAKE HER HEAD, DESPERATELY TRYING TO REJECT HER HORRIFIC EXPERIENCE.

AGAIN RAVEN'S FACE MANAGED A STRANGE CARING SMILE AS HE CONTINUED

THE OTHER DAY ... IN THE GARDEN ... I LOST CONTROL OF MYSELF. IT WAS HORRIBLE, I KNOW. IT'S MY CONSTANT FEAR THAT ...

BUT NO, I'M ALL RIGHT NOW BECAUSE YOU'VE COMPLETED THE CURE

[...] MUST BE GOING

FEARING WHAT NEW TERRORS WOULD UNFOLD, ANGELA RETURNED TO HER WORK THE FOLLOWING DAY, ONLY TO BE GREETED WITH ...

THIS RING ONCE BELONGED TO PRINCESS XEHOIA. SHE WAS SAID TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF HER DAY ... MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

SHE MUST HAVE HAD YOUR COLOURING. IT MATCHES YOUR EYES AND SKIN PERFECTLY...

SUDDENLY, RAVEN WAS OVERCOME WITH SHYNESS AND RETURNED THE RING TO HIS HIDDEN WALL SAFE...

RAVEN'S FACE SUDDENLY CHANGED AT ONCE IT FILLED WITH HOPE, YET DOUBT. WITH ANTICIPATION, YET DREAD...

YOU SHOULD KEEP ALL THOSE THINGS IN THE BANK

I DON'T LIKE BANKS. YOU HAVE TO SEE ... PEOPLE. MY THINGS ARE MUCH BETTER HERE ... WITH ME

Angela will you marry me?

I realise my appearance .. and everything, but you could still love me ..

FOR HOURS AFTER, ANGELA KEPT HEARING RAVEN'S PROPOSAL IN HER MIND AND, THAT NIGHT...

IT'S NO USE, GEORGE I JUST CAN'T DO IT NOT TO HIM

DON'T WORRY JUST PLAY ALONG WITH HIM. TAKE THE RING AS AN ENGAGEMENT PRESENT, AND REMEMBER THE COMBINATION WHEN HE OPENS THE SAFE. THEN, THE BIG ONE! WE'LL BE RICH!

THE NEXT DAY RAVEN WAS FAR TOO HAPPY TO NOTICE ANGELA'S FEAR AND TENSION BEHIND HER SMILE

YOU'VE MADE ME SO VERY HAPPY! AND IT'S ONLY FITTING YOU SHOULD HAVE THE RING THAT IT SHOULD ADORN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL HAND AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES

AND AS RAVEN'S FINGERS TREMBLED OVER THE SAFE'S COMBINATION, ANGELA WATCHED HIS EVERY MOVE!

ANGELA WAS OBLIVIOUS TO RAVEN'S CONFESSION AS SHE CONCENTRATED ON THE NUMBERS...

I HAVE SOMETHING OF A CONFESSION TO MAKE I'M A SHADMOCK, BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS WELL, IF EVER I WHISTLE..

BUT NO..! MUST NOT WHISTLE...EVER!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!

YOU MUST MEET SOME OF MY RELATIVES. THEY CAN EXPLAIN ... THE SITUATION ... TO YOU MUCH BETTER THAN I COULD..

YES-YES I.. ER, SHOULD LIKE THAT..

WE'LL HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT PARTY! AND IT CAN BE IN FANCY DRESS! EVERYONE CAN WEAR MASKS, AND GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO GET TO KNOW MY FAMILY... GRADUALLY

AND SO, CAME THE NIGHT OF THE MASKED PARTY

COME, MY DEAR IT IS A SHAME TO HIDE SUCH BEAUTY - BUT HERE WE MUST ALL BE MASKED

FINALLY, SHE WAS ABLE TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE CROWD INTO THE STUDY.

OPEN, SAFE ... PLEASE, PLEASE OPEN!

ANGELA WAS OBLIGED TO DANCE WITH MANY OF RAVEN'S RELATIVES, BUT EVEN MASKED, THEY TERRIFIED HER. SHE HAD MET GREAT UNCLE URIAH. WHAT COULD THESE OTHER DANCING PARTNERS REALLY LOOK LIKE?

BUT SOMEONE ELSE HAD SLIPPED AWAY TOO..

AND, AS THE SAFE FINALLY OPENED, REVEALING ITS TREASURES, ANGELA SCOOPED UP ALL SHE COULD CARRY BUT WHEN SHE TURNED TO LEAVE...

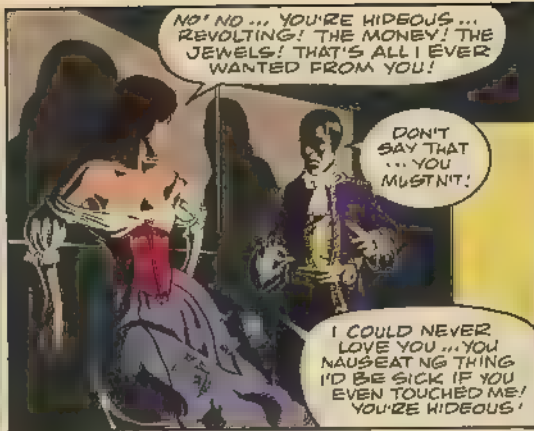
TAKE THEM THE MONEY AND OTHER THINGS DO NOT MATTER TO ME. GIVE THEM TO WHOEVER YOU PLEASE. BUT YOU COULD STILL .. LOVE ME



NO! NO... YOU'RE HIDEOUS... REVOLTING! THE MONEY! THE JEWELS! THAT'S ALL I EVER WANTED FROM YOU!

DON'T SAY THAT ... YOU MUSTN'T!

I COULD NEVER LOVE YOU ... YOU NAUSEATING THING I'D BE SICK IF YOU EVEN TOUCHED ME! YOU'RE HIDEOUS!



AND ONCE MORE RAVEN'S LIPS BEGAN TO TWITCH AND FORM A TIGHT LITTLE CIRCLE, AS HE INHALED DEEPLY.

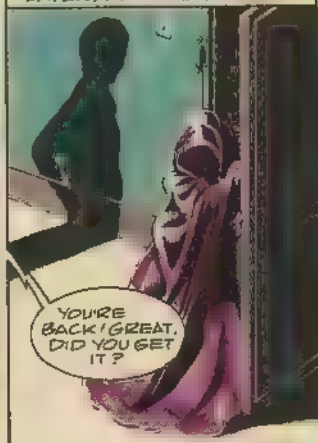


TWO SOUNDS MADE THE GUESTS TURN SUDDENLY TOWARD THE STUDY A PIERCING, SHREIKING WHISTLE, LOUDER THAN ANYTHING IMAGINABLE..



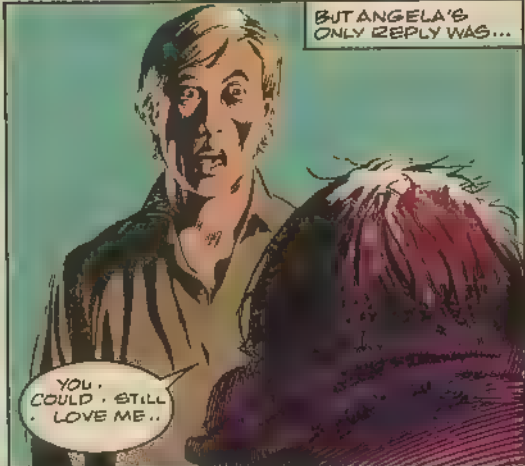
AND A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM OF AGONY!

LATER, THAT SAME NIGHT



YOU'RE BACK! GREAT, DID YOU GET IT?

BUT ANGELA'S ONLY REPLY WAS...



YOU ... COULD ... STILL ... LOVE ME...

LOVE ME...



LOVE.

.. ME



AND THEN
THERE IS OUR OLD FRIEND.
THE WEREWOLF.



LIFE IS ALWAYS HARD FOR A BEGGAR...
ESPECIALLY SO IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
SPAIN. BUT FOR ONE TATTERED WRETCH
LIFE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING UP... FOR HE
HAS STUMBLED INTO A WEDDING FEAST
AT THE CASTLE SINIESTRO. AND ON THIS
DAY, THE DEBAUCHED OLD MARQUES
SEEMS DISPOSED TOWARD KINDNESS...

HOW MUCH DO
YOU WANT FOR
YOURSELF, BEGGAR?
TEN PESETAS?



TEN PESETAS?
THANK YOU, MY LORD!

UNAWARE THAT HE HAS JUST SOLD
HIMSELF, BODY AND SOUL, FOR A
PITANCE, THE BEGGAR ENJOYS THE
UNEXPECTED GENEROSITY... AND
DOES WHAT HE CAN TO REPAY THE
KINDNESS...

COME ON,
WRETCH! DANCE!
MAKE US LAUGH!



TIME TO RETIRE,
I THINK! YOU
THERE! SEE THAT
THE BEGGAR IS
GIVEN SUITABLE
ACCOMMODATION
UNTIL I SEND
FOR HIM
AGAIN!



BUT THE MARQUES NEVER
DOES SEND FOR HIM AGAIN.
MANY YEARS PASS BY...
YEARS OF LONELINESS,
BOREDOM AND BROODING...



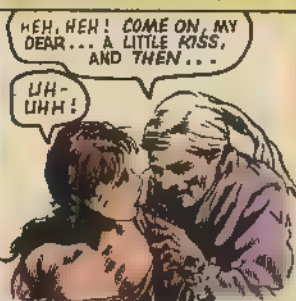
BROODING, PERHAPS,
ABOUT THE ONLY OTHER
PERSON HE EVER SEES...



... THE JAILER'S MUTE DAUGHTER, WHO BRINGS HIM HIS FOOD... WHEN SHE GETS THE TIME AWAY FROM HER DUTIES AS A MAID...



TIME HAS RAVAGED THE MARQUES, TOO... TURNING HIM INTO A FRIENDLESS, MAD, OLD RECLUSE... BUT EVEN TIME HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO REFORM HIS NATURE...



HEH, HEH! COME ON, MY DEAR... A LITTLE KISS, AND THEN...

UH- UHH!

THE MARQUES TUGS ON A BELL-PULL...

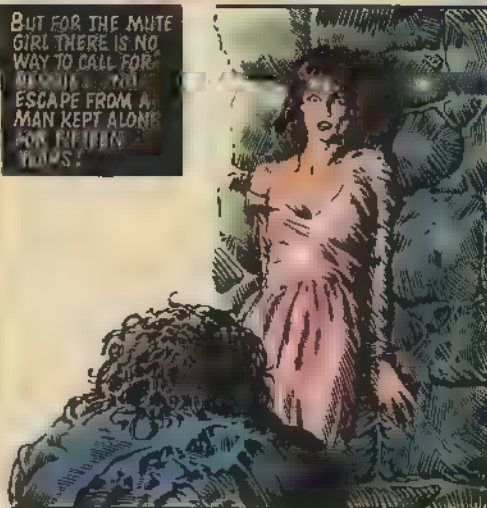


HAVE THAT GIRL LOCKED UP... UNTIL SHE LEARNS SOME BETTER MANNERS!

ONLY ONE CELL IS AVAILABLE, AND SO THE OLD BEGGAR IS FINALLY WITH A COMPANION... NO MORE THAN A MERE COMPANION...



BUT FOR THE MUTE GIRL THERE IS NO WAY TO CALL FOR RESCUE... NO ESCAPE FROM A MAN KEPT ALONE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS!



AT LAST, ABUSED AND HUMILIATED, SHE IS RELEASED... ONLY TO FIND FURTHER HORRORS IN STORE...



AND THIS TIME THE PROSPECT IS TOO REVOLTING TO ENDURE...



AND SO...

AAUUUGH!



AFTER THAT, THERE IS NOTHING FOR THE GIRL TO DO BUT FLEE... SHE LIVES WILD IN THE WOODS FOR A TIME, UNTIL, ON THE POINT OF DEATH BY EXHAUSTION SHE IS FOUND BY ALFREDO CARIDO, A LOCAL WRITER...



HOLY SAINTS! WHAT'S THIS?

PERHAPS
AND AT LAST

IT'S A BOY
THEN, TERESA?
EXCELLENT!

STILL,
THAT'S OVER
NOW... YOU'LL
LOOK AFTER HER,
TERESA!

AND ALFREDO'S HOUSEKEEPER DOES
LOOK AFTER THE GIRL THROUGH MANY
MONTHS... MONTHS THAT CULMINATE
WITH THE BEGGAR'S FINAL LEGACY.
A BABY BOY... BORN ON
CHRISTMAS DAY!

NO, SENOR, IT'S VERY
UNLUCKY...AN UNWANTED
CHILD BORN ON OUR LORD'S
BIRTHDAY IS AN INSULT
TO HEAVEN!

AND THE POOR
GIRL HAS *DIED* IN
CHILDBIRTH... WHO
KNOWS WHAT WILL
HAPPEN NOW?

I'M NOT
HUNGRY.
AUNT
TERESA...

**BUT LEON, YOU
MUST EAT... WE
CAN'T HAVE YOU
LOSING YOUR
APPETITE!**

VERY NASTY...
THERE MUST BE
A WOLF ABOUT!

**OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE
STANDS PEPE, THE LOCAL
HUNTER... IT IS HIS JOB
TO PROTECT THE FLOCKS...
AND NOW THEY NEED
PROTECTING!**

PEPE'S FIRST DUTY IS TO
REPORT TO THE MAYOR...
BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP
HIM PAUSING FOR A FEW
MINUTES' GOSSIP...

A DEAD GOAT, YOU SAY?
LITTLE LEON'S KITTEN
WAS KILLED TOO... I DON'T
DARE SHOW IT TO
HIM...

HE CAN'T
STAND THE
SIGHT OF
BLOOD, CAN
HE...?

ALMOST
FAINTED WHEN
I TOOK HIM HUNTING
WITH ME A FEW DAYS
AGO! I THOUGHT HE'D
ENJOY IT, BUT...
STILL, I'VE GOT
TO BE OFF!

THAT EVENING, PEPE IS OUT ON HIS
ROUNDS AGAIN... AND THIS TIME
HE IS READY.

THERE IT
IS, NOW I'LL
GET IT!

W-100M



DAMN! I KNOW I HIT IT, BUT IT GOT AWAY! STILL, IT WON'T GET FAR...



LATER THAT NIGHT...

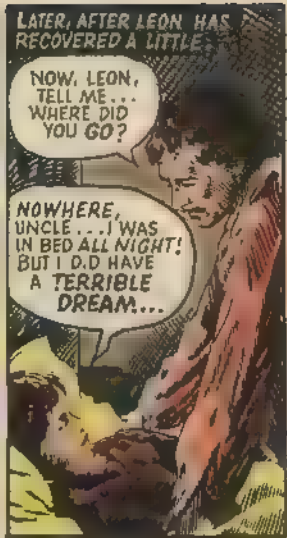
THERE, LEON... YOU'LL SOON BE BETTER!

AAAAOWWW!



HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP... BUT HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW... BUT HE'S BEEN SHOT ALL RIGHT! THIS IS ONE OF PEPE'S BULLETS!



LATER, AFTER LEON HAS RECOVERED A LITTLE...

NOW, LEON, TELL ME... WHERE DID YOU GO?

NOWHERE, UNCLE... I WAS IN BED ALL NIGHT! BUT I D.D HAVE A TERRIBLE DREAM...



I HAVE THE SAME DREAM EVERY NIGHT... I DREAM I'M A WOLF... A WOLF THAT DRINKS BLOOD!



IT'S HAPPENED EVER SINCE OLD PEPE TOOK ME HUNTING! HELP ME, UNCLE... HELP ME!

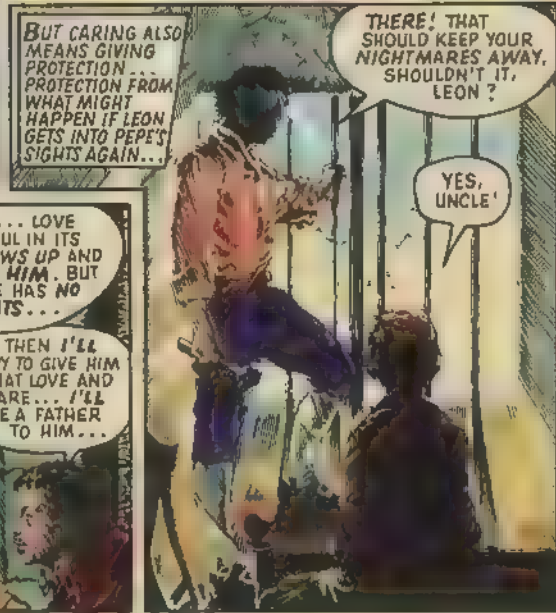
YES, I'LL HELP YOU, LEON... IF I CAN!

IN A SMALL VILLAGE LIKE THIS, THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN OF WISDOM TO TURN TO... THE PRIEST!

SOMETIMES A SPIRIT CAN ENTER THE BODY AT BIRTH, AND WAR WITH THE SOUL FOR CONTROL. AND IF THE SOUL SHOULD BE WEAKENED, THE SPIRIT TAKES OVER. FOR LEON, THE SPIRIT IS A WOLF... AND AT TIMES OF THE FULL MOON...



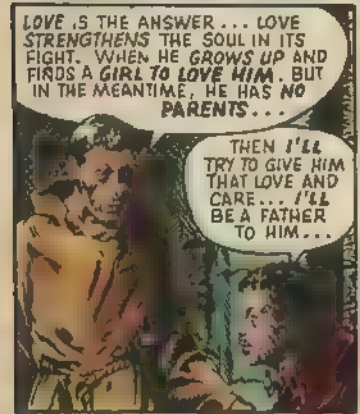
THEN, CAN NOTHING BE DONE?



BUT CARING ALSO MEANS GIVING PROTECTION... PROTECTION FROM WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF LEON GETS INTO PEPE'S SIGHTS AGAIN...

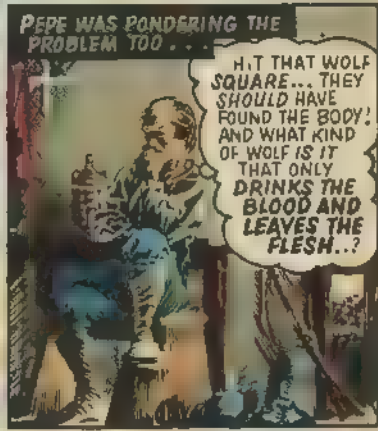
THERE! THAT SHOULD KEEP YOUR NIGHTMARES AWAY, LEON?

YES, UNCLE!



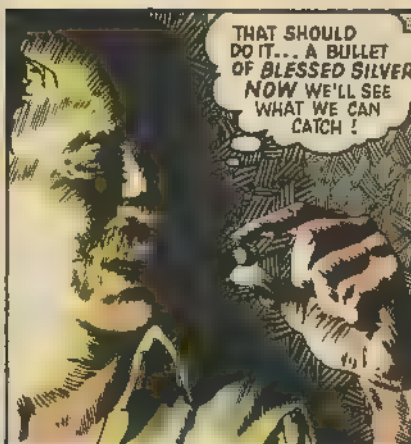
LOVE IS THE ANSWER... LOVE STRENGTHENS THE SOUL IN ITS FIGHT. WHEN HE GROWS UP AND FINDS A GIRL TO LOVE HIM. BUT IN THE MEANTIME, HE HAS NO PARENTS...

THEN I'LL TRY TO GIVE HIM THAT LOVE AND CARE... I'LL BE A FATHER TO HIM...



PEPE WAS PONDERING THE PROBLEM TOO...

H.T THAT WOLF SQUARE... THEY SHOULD HAVE FOUND THE BODY! AND WHAT KIND OF WOLF IS IT THAT ONLY DRINKS THE BLOOD AND LEAVES THE FLESH...?



WHEN NIGHT COMES, THE MOON IS STILL ALMOST FULL... AND THE HUNTER SETS OFF IN PURSUIT OF HIS QUARRY...



THE ATTACKS STOP AFTER THAT, AND IT SEEMS THE DOG MUST HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE. THE YEARS PASS, BUT PEPE STILL WEARS THAT SILVER BULLET AROUND HIS NECK... TO REMIND HIMSELF OF WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE HAD TO DEAL WITH...

WITH THE LOVING CARE OF ALFREDO AND TERESA, LEON PUTS HIS TROUBLES BEHIND HIM AND GROWS INTO A NORMAL YOUNG MAN. AND, LIKE ALL YOUNG MEN, EVENTUALLY LEAVES HOME TO LOOK FOR WORK...

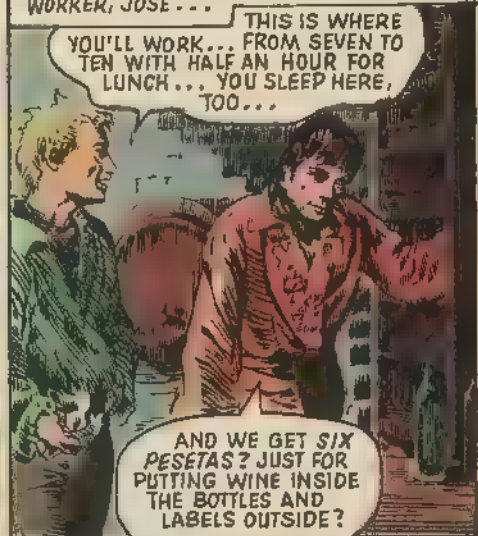


BUT LEON'S ARRIVAL AT THE VINEYARD OF DON FERNANDO FERNANDEZ DOES NOT GET OFF TO A GOOD START...



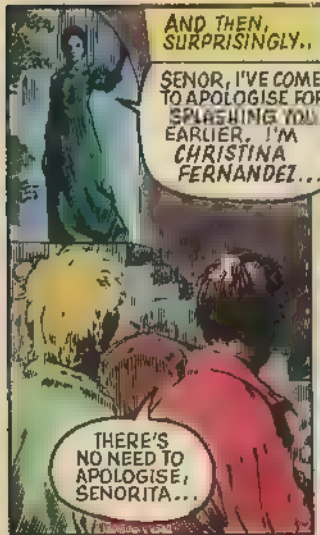
HEEY!

BUT LEON IS TAKEN IN, AND GIVEN A JOB IN THE BOTTLING ROOM WITH ANOTHER WORKER, JOSE...



THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL WORK... FROM SEVEN TO TEN WITH HALF AN HOUR FOR LUNCH... YOU SLEEP HERE, TOO...

AND WE GET SIX PESETAS? JUST FOR PUTTING WINE INSIDE THE BOTTLES AND LABELS OUTSIDE?



AND THEN, SURPRISINGLY...

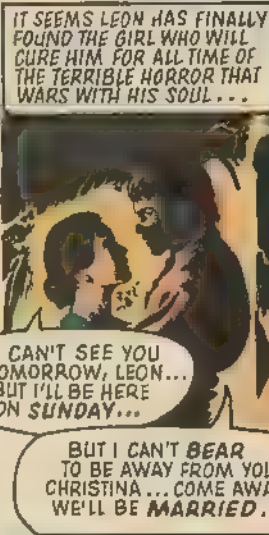
SEÑOR, I'VE COME TO APOLOGISE FOR SPLASHING YOU EARLIER. I'M CHRISTINA FERNANDEZ...

THERE'S NO NEED TO APOLOGISE, SENORITA...



LOVE STRIKES SWIFTLY, AND MAKES NO DISTINCTIONS AND SO IN THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOW...

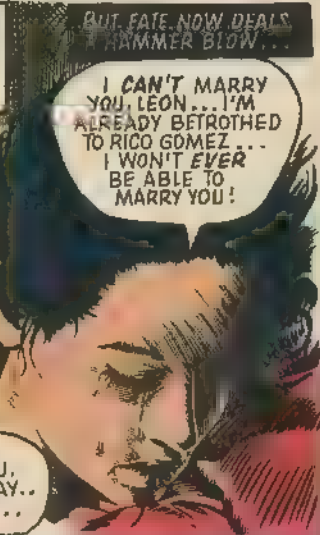
CHRISTINA! HURRY... BEFORE YOUR FATHER SEES YOU...



IT SEEMS LEON HAS FINALLY FOUND THE GIRL WHO WILL CURE HIM FOR ALL TIME OF THE TERRIBLE HORROR THAT WARS WITH HIS SOUL...

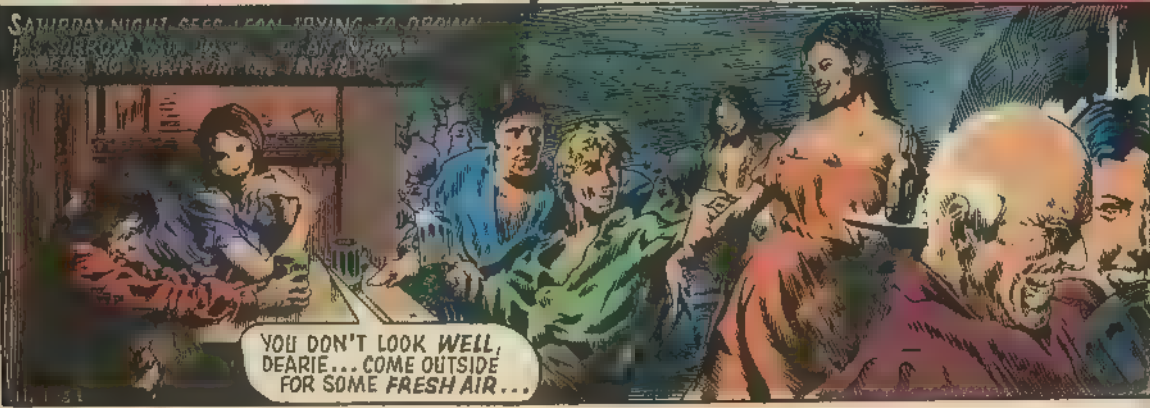
I CAN'T SEE YOU TOMORROW, LEON... BUT I'LL BE HERE ON SUNDAY...

BUT I CAN'T BEAR TO BE AWAY FROM YOU, CHRISTINA... COME AWAY... WE'LL BE MARRIED...



BUT FATE NOW DEALS A HAMMER BLOW...

I CAN'T MARRY YOU, LEON... I'M ALREADY BETROTHED TO RICO GOMEZ... I WON'T EVER BE ABLE TO MARRY YOU!



SATURDAY NIGHT SEES LEON TRYING TO GRASP HIS SORROW, BUT HE CAN'T GET AN ANSWER FROM THE FINE LADY...

YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, DEARIE... COME OUTSIDE FOR SOME FRESH AIR...

LEON'S STILL DWELLING ON HIS
REJECTION BUT HE
CANNOT KNOW THAT...

I DON'T FEEL...

WISHING
ON THE MOON?
WISH SOMETHING
NICE FOR ME
WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT...

WHY,
DEARIE—
I...?

LEON! LEON!
WHERE ARE YOU,
WHAT THE ...

OH, MY
GOD!

BUT SHE
ONLY FINDS
THAT THE
NIGHTMARE
HAS BEGUN
AGAIN

End of Part One! Part Two begins on second page followin.



WITHOUT A
DOUBT THIS WAS A
TEMPLE IN ANCIENT
TIMES BEFORE THE
GREAT
CONTAMINATION.

THE PEOPLE
OF THE 20TH
CENTURY STILL
HAD FAITH IN THE
SUPERNATURAL.



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RHETORICS ABOUT
THE GOOD AND THE
BAD... UNTIL THEY
THEMSELVES FINALLY
PUT AN 'END TO IT'
ALL.

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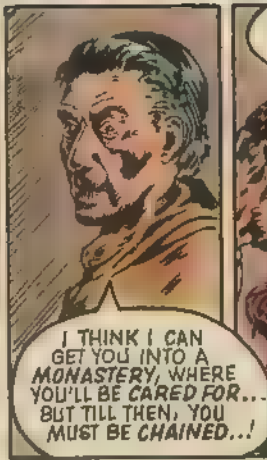
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THE WEREWOLF Part II





PANICKING... LEON TRIES TO FLEE... BUT EVEN HIS FEET SEEM TO HAVE TURNED AGAINST HIM...

LEON... IN GOD'S NAME!!

OOOF!



LEON HAS NO IDEA HOW MUCH TIME PASSES AS HE LIES THERE IN DELIRIUM... UNTIL, FINALLY...

ALL NIGHT? BUT... TELL ME... DID ANYTHING HAPPEN?

OH, LEON, YOU'RE AWAKE... BUT NOW I MUST GO... BEFORE MY FATHER FINDS OUT I'VE BEEN HERE WITH YOU ALL NIGHT...



NO, NOTHING HAPPENED... YOU JUST SEEMED TO BE ILL!

THEN YOU'VE SAVED ME! BUT WE MUST GET MARRIED AND GO AWAY... IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY YOU'LL COME WITH ME!



A MOMENT'S HESITATION, AND THEN...

YES, I'LL COME WITH YOU... BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEON?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER... BUT WE MUST LEAVE RIGHT NOW! GO AND GET READY!



BUT TIME IS TOO SHORT... AND THEIR PLANS ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE...

LEON CARIDO, ARE THESE YOUR CLOTHES?

WHY, YES... I THINK SO...



THEN I'M ARRESTING YOU... THE CHARGE IS MURDER...



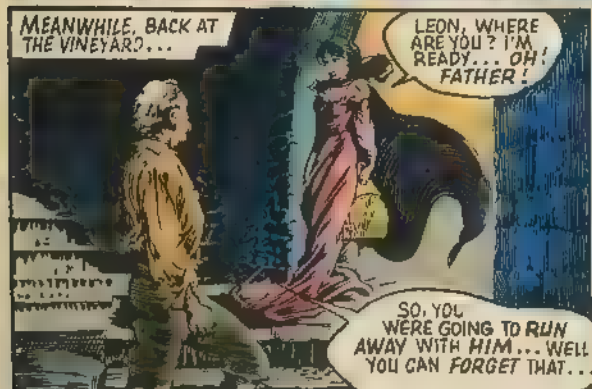
AND SO...

JAILER: LISTEN TO ME! YOU MUST SEND FOR MY FATHER...

HE WON'T LISTEN... WON'T DO ANYTHING... UNLESS YOU PAY HIM!



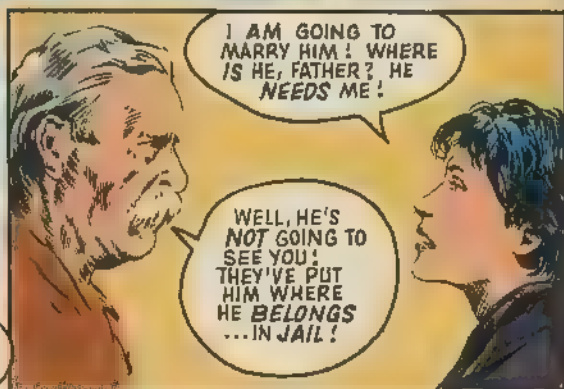
HERE! IT'S ALL THE MONEY I HAVE! FETCH MY FATHER... PLEASE! HURRY...



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE VINEYARD...

LEON, WHERE ARE YOU? I'M READY... OH! FATHER!

SO, YOU WERE GOING TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM... WELL, YOU CAN FORGET THAT...



I AM GOING TO MARRY HIM! WHERE IS HE, FATHER? HE NEEDS ME!

WELL, HE'S NOT GOING TO SEE YOU! THEY'VE PUT HIM WHERE HE BELONGS... IN JAIL!

BUT NOTHING
IS GOING TO STOP
CHRISTINA NOW...

YOU THERE!
DRIVE ME INTO TOWN...
...IT'S MY FATHER'S
ORDER!

IT IS A LONG DRIVE BACK INTO
TOWN, AND IN THE MEANTIME...

BUT LEON,
THEY STILL
HAVE TO PROVE
THAT YOU
KILLED THOSE
PEOPLE...

THEY'LL PROVE IT...
BECAUSE IT'S TRUE!
AND IT'LL HAPPEN
AGAIN TONIGHT
IF THEY KEEP
ME HERE...
THESE BARS
WON'T STOP
IT...

WE'LL GO
TO THE MAYOR
... AND FIND
OUT WHAT CAN
BE DONE!

TELL HIM I'VE
CONFESSED...
AND I MUST BE
EXECUTED BEFORE
SUNDOWN...
AND YOU KNOW
HOW THAT MUST
BE DONE...

SHOT
WITH A SILVER
BULLET, OR
BURNED...
**BURNED
ALIVE!**

AND SO, AT THE TOWN HALL...

THIS IS
PREPOSTEROUS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT!

IT'S TRUE...
MY SON HAS
CONFESSED...
AND IF NOTHING IS
DONE, HE'LL BREAK
OUT OF THAT PRISON
AT NIGHTFALL...

... AND KILL
ANYONE HE COMES
ACROSS... AND
**YOU'LL BE
RESPONSIBLE!**

AH... WELL... LET'S
GO AND LOOK AT
HIM...

YOU MUST BELIEVE THEM,
SENOR! ALL THEY'VE TOLD
YOU IS TRUE...

YOU LOOK
PERFECTLY NORMAL TO
I'LL NEED OTHER WIT-
NESSES... INDEPENDENT
WITNESSES!

AND, AT THAT MOMENT...

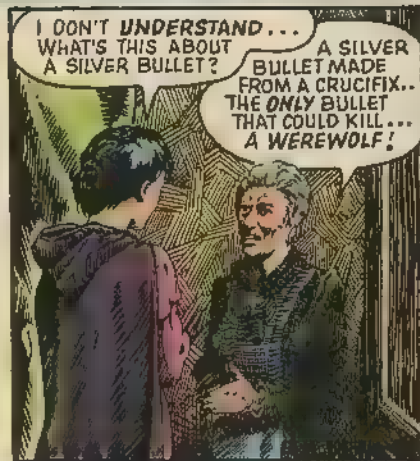
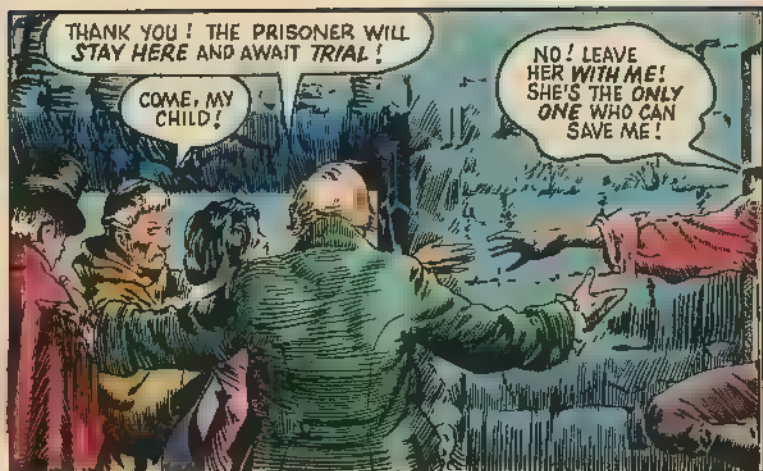
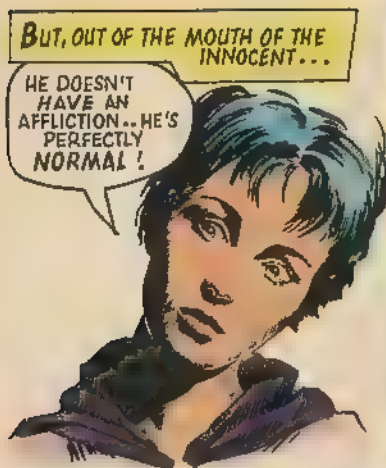
LEON! WHAT
ARE THEY DOING
TO YOU?

CHRISTINA!

WHA... AND
WHO ARE YOU,
SENORITA? YOU
KNOW HIM?

I'M CHRISTINA FERNANDEZ,
SENOR... LEON AND I ARE
ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED...

SO, YOU YOU
KNOW HIM WELL...
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
HIS... AFFLICTION?





BUT SUCH
HORRORS
DO NOT GO
UNNOTICED
FOR LONG.

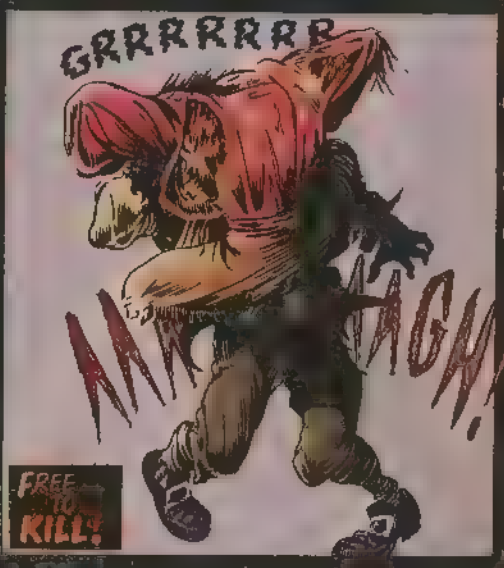
WHAT'S
GOING ON
IN HERE...
GOOD
LORD!

BUT APPEALS FOR HEAVENLY AID BRING NO RELIEF
FOR LEON IS ALL WOLF NOW, AND EVERYONE ELSE
ONLY VICTIMS!



NO! KEEP
BACK!

AND THEN,
THE
WEREWOLF
IS FREE!



GGGGGGGG

AAAGH!

FREE
TO
KILL!



AND SO, WHEN ALFREDO RETURNS FROM HIS QUEST

WHAT'S HAPPENED?
HAS LEON GONE?
WHERE IS HE?

WE DON'T
KNOW, SENOR!
HE...

THEN...

THERE
HE IS!

UP ON THE
ROOF!



IN A MOB, MEN WILL
DARE MANY THINGS
EVEN FACING A
WEREWOLF.

AFTER
HIM!
DON'T LET
HIM GET
AWAY!



WOLVES
CAN'T STAND
FIRE! WE'LL
FORCE HIM
DOWN...



AND, FOR A MOMENT, IT LOOKS AS
IF THE PLAN MIGHT WORK

GRAAR!



BUT ONLY FOR
A MOMENT

LOOK
OUT!



THE MOB SCATTERS BRIEFLY,
BUT THEN THE CHASE IS ON
AGAIN...

THERE HE
GOES! HE'S GOT
ONTO THE
CHURCH!

AND BELOW

STAY
BACK... I'M
THE ONLY ONE
WHO CAN
DEAL WITH
HIM...

BUT YOU
CAN'T KILL
HIM... YOU
MUSTN'T...

BUT ALFREDO KNOWS
WHAT MUST BE DONE
... AND SO...

THIS LADDER
LEADS UP INTO
THE BELL-
TOWER...

THEN HE IS THERE ... FACING LEON
WHO HE HAS RAISED AS HIS OWN SON

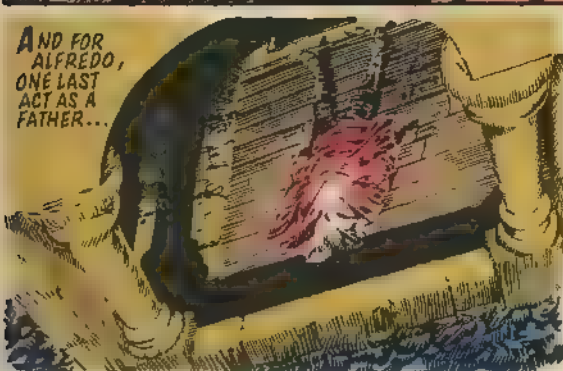
GOD
GIVE ME
STRENGTH!..

PERHAPS SOME SPARK OF HUMANITY REMAINS
IN LEON, FOR HE DOES NOT ATTACK THE MAN WHO
HAS BEEN HIS FATHER ... BUT LEAPS AWAY INSTEAD

ALFREDO HESITATES FOR LONG
SECONDS, UNABLE TO PULL THE
TRIGGER

FORGIVE
ME, LEON...
FORGIVE
ME...

AND THEN...



AND FOR
ALFREDO,
ONE LAST
ACT AS A
FATHER...

THE EXCITEMENT
OVER, THE VILLAGERS GO
HOME... LEAVING BEHIND
ONLY THREE PEOPLE...
THREE PEOPLE WHO
HAVE LOVED AND
CHERISHED YOUNG
LEON CARIDO...
BUT FIND THAT A CRUEL
WORLD HAS ONLY
REWARDED THEM
WITH PAIN AND
GRIEF...



THE
END

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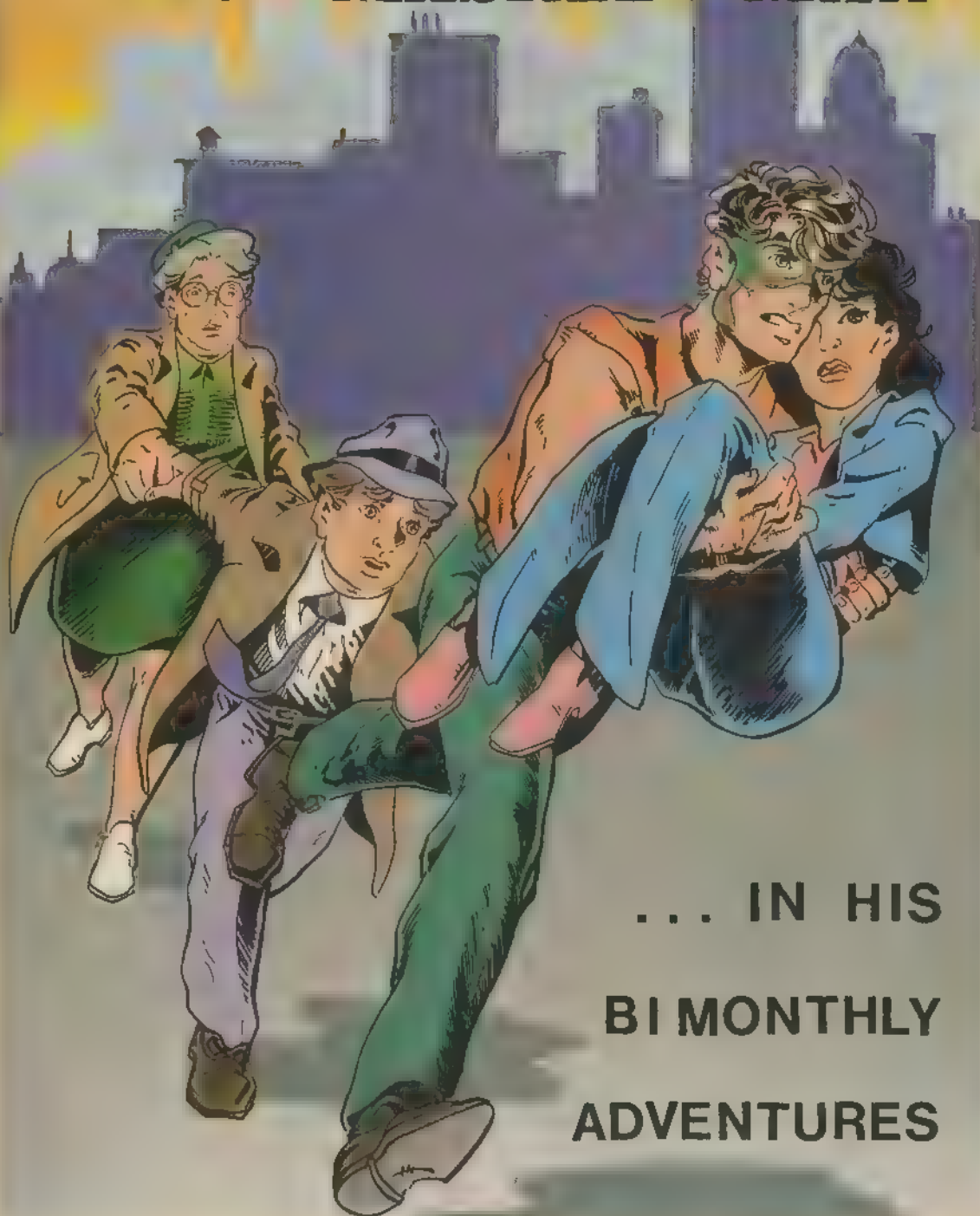
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OF THE FUTURE!

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HAVEN'T
CHECKED IT
OUT IN A
WHILE, YOU'LL
FIND SOME
INCREDIBLE
THINGS
HAVE
HAPPENED
WHILE
YOU WERE
GONE!

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THEY'RE STILL
ONE OF A KIND!



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